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TOPERS.

THE definition of the word "Toper," given by Dr Johnson, is not at all to my mind. A toper, says the illustrious lexicographer, is "a hard drinker, a sot, a drunkard." I am afraid that the doctor, in writing thus, was more solicitous of throwing a moral obloquy on the word than of discriminating its exact sense. A toper is neither a hard drinker nor a sot. These words present the idea of a man who sits almost constantly at his liquor, and whose senses are completely and habitually lost in the base delights of intoxication. Now, a toper, as I understand the word, never altogether loses sight of something like sobriety, never quite relinquishes the appearance of a decent steady man of the world. He may sometimes be a little muddled. His gait, as he proceeds homeward, may have a strange unnatural erectness and stiffness about it, as if he were just sensible that he might be suspected, and was anxious to show how groundless was the suspicion. His tongue may occasionally be put a little about in pronouncing such words as intolerable, incomprehensible, or incontrovertible. But he would be alarmed at the bare mention of the word drunkard: No, he regrets there should be such people; some folk, he candidly allows, carry these matters a great deal too far. For his part, he can take a share of what is going like other people; but there is a moderation in all things, he remarks, leaving you to understand that he is a thorough devotee to the golden mean, if not to positive abstinence. And, in sober truth, the toper is as he says. He is a man who keeps a perfectly fair outside with the world, and with his own conscience. So far from being characterised by the dull and dismal abstraction of the sot, he is rather a smart man—talks boldly, loudly, and long—is disputatious and patriotic—has an animated look. His address to a waiter or a landlord is clever, impressive, and business-like. He is in constant motion, too; a pot here, and a glass there—here a sip and there a swill—variety being in his eyes the grand charm of life. He will "taste" in ten different places in a day, and still be a conversable man. It is indeed the grand object of the toper to enjoy himself and his liquor, and at the same time to carry on the usual business of life. I grant that the toper may decline into the sot; but so long as he is a toper, he cannot be described by the opprobrious epithet bestowed on him in the dictionary.

Every little town, and every little district in large towns, has its own little knot of topers. They are generally traders in middle life—family men, who have long been in business, and whose early years were spent in a prosperous activity, so that they are now pretty secure against all the calamities that usually flow from intemperance. A strange redness is sometimes observed about the points of their noses; and a few may be in the secret. But, upon the whole, they keep up a fair face with the world, and are never spoken of as men in any danger on the score of drunken habits. The world just supposes they have feathered their nests, and thinks no more about them. Under all this fair exterior, the toper contrives to imbibe a vast quantity of liquor. He does not get honestly tipsy at once. He dissipates his potations over a large space of time; and though he has perhaps taken as much in the four-and-twenty hours as would make him twice drunk, yet he hardly ever shows even a slight degree of elevation—at least in the early part of the day. Such a thing has been known as his being found in a considerably varnished state, leaning against a gate; but yet advancing life brings with it so many stupifying influences, that it was not set down to liquor. He has been joked with about the vinous Au-

rorra just dawning on his nose; but he has always turned it off with that quiet smile which forms perhaps the best answer to all unpleasant charges. In truth, the toper does not acknowledge, even to himself, that he is any thing out of the way as to liquor. He feels many curious sensations in various regions of his person, but he never attributes them to their real cause. He calls that a little cold which arose from a sixth tumbler last week, and disguises the results of a hot supper and ale under the specious form of a slight tendency to hernia, which his father had before him. You express regret to see him apparently suffering so much—for he often shakes a little—and he tells you it all came of his sleeping a few evenings ago without his nightcap; whereas, if the truth were told, it is the consequence of something altogether opposite, namely, his putting on too many of those emblematic nightcaps which are served up to jolly companies. In other respects, the toper is a worthy sort of fellow. He is good-natured, civil, and well-behaved; above all things, no quarreller. All brawling and noise the true toper detests. He goes about all his business in a quiet way, and any unusual or sudden sound shocks him dreadfully. He loves to sit and tittle peaceably. A pistol going off at the moment he was entering a tavern would more effectually blast him than the sight of the Gorgon. While still cruising off and on, near the door, he would not care so much; but after having got fairly into channel for port, the effect would be dreadful. Besides a cordial detestation of quarrels, which tend so much to break up the peaceful enjoyment of a tumbler and a chat, the toper entertains a hatred almost as intense for processions, mobs, spectacles, and so forth. These break up companies nearly as effectually, though in a different way. If one happens to be going on near the place where he is sitting with a few friends, he gets quite angry, talks contemptuously of the idle curiosity which takes people away to see such fooleries; and, as "star after star departs," sends after them a look that might almost impale them. Perhaps, too, the attraction, whatever it is, has interrupted him in the middle of a long story, and in such a case he cannot find language to express his indignation at the interruption, and at the silliness of those who are the cause of it. He endeavours to prevail upon his friends to sit still and hear him out. But it won't do. Off they go, one after another, till he is at last left by himself, when he either sits down doggedly to finish his dose, or swallows it with a growl, and reluctantly goes after them. This, however, it must be observed, is a case where the toper has happened to get amongst others than his own corps. These would never flinch from him in this way. They would stand to him and to their colours in despite of any thing which could possibly happen outside, and would patiently hear out his story though it were three gills long. But those who are now around him are not his men. They are faithless, as has been shown. They are not staunch men. He cannot depend upon them. They will desert him at the most critical periods, and for the most trifling things. These men he of course abominates.

Topers are decidedly gregarious. There is a sweet and secret sympathy that draws them together. There is a bond of fellowship between them of the most endearing description, and which nothing but death can break. They observe, however, a nice delicacy on this point, and never name it to each other. On the contrary, they endeavour to conceal it even from themselves, and gloss it over to the world by saying of each other to neutral parties, that Mr So-and-so is a good, honest, decent fellow. These are the qualities they would make you believe which unite them.

Not a word, not a whisper, of the real grounds of this attachment and good opinion. No hint the most distant, that their mutual love emanates from the gill stoup.

Topers, as has been said, are always found in snug little droves or gangs of perhaps about six or eight in each, embracing a neighbourhood of rather limited extent, for a distant residence would be destructive to good fellowship. The meetings of the community of topers require no formal notice before taking place. They have been established for years, and are perfectly well understood. They are reduced to a system which in most cases will be found to run thus: They meet about half-past six A.M.; for, be it observed, contrary to all reasonable expectation, your toper is an early riser. A great deal of business may be done in the morning, and in a very quiet way. Besides having all the relish of a stolen pleasure, too, the morning, as they call their matutinal indulgence, is useful, if not absolutely necessary, to allay something which they delicately term the acidity of the stomach, and give them an appetite for breakfast. At this meeting there is nothing lively either said or done. They are all rather glum, and what little dull conversation passes is generally on the subject of each other's complaints and ailments, for all of them acknowledge that they feel rather queer-wise. Some of them did not rest well over night; others were disturbed with ugly dreams; a few had strange pains in the loins. They then compare accounts, and find that their ailments after all very much resemble each other, and this forms an additional tie of sympathy among them. They next kindly prescribe for each other, and then break up. Not a word is said about when they shall meet again. No appointment whatever is made—it is unnecessary. The when and the where are already well known to all the parties; the former is twelve o'clock precisely, and the latter Lucky Brown's.

At twelve o'clock, accordingly, they are again all assembled. They come stepping in one after the other from different quarters—this circumstance to be afterwards dilated upon—and proceed to business. They are now all in much better spirits than they were in the morning. Some rub their brows as if to wipe away the perspiration, declaring it to be extraordinary hot weather this—hardly ever remember the glass stand so high for such a length of time—really feel quite knocked up. Another mutters something about having been busy these two hours, superintending the packing some goods for the country, and is almost choked with dust—hardly able to speak till he gets a mouthful of liquid to irrigate the arid desert of his throat. A fourth sidles in a word about having had no appetite this morning at breakfast, and (touching the bell) will see if he can get a bite of something tasty—otherwise will not be able to stand out till dinner time. After each has thus put in his excuse, which as a matter of course no one heeds, as the whole is known to be a mutual deception, then the general conversation commences, interspersed with jokes and witty observations on some standing subject of ridicule. Possibly it is an excellent story about Bob's new hat, which delights all but Bob himself, and promises to keep the conclave in good humour and banter for a month to come; for be it known, Messieurs the Topers are never without a favourite sly joke at the expense of an unhappy brother, which affords them infinite diversion every time they meet, and which is so good, that it never wears out, but is merely replaced by another.

As the matin refectation had a poetical name, so this has a scientific one. It is called by the club a *meri-*

dian. At this meridian there is tolerably smart drinking—probably an imperial gill to each man's share; but occasionally, when they happen to get into very funny trim, it exceeds this quantity considerably. After about an hour's guzzling and talking, they again part, but all now a little by the head. Dinner follows—two o'clock. There is nothing unreasonable in taking a tumbler after dinner—nothing, certainly. The corps think so, too, and accordingly again meet at four, or about half-past, when they take another social dip together. They are all now very lively. They banter each other with great spirit, especially Bob and his new hat; talk over the news of the day; criticise a neighbour's new sign; probably take a bet of a couple bottles of ale, to be settled next day, that the name, which is *Cowper*, should have been spelt with two o's, instead of an o and a w; tell long stories; discuss, as a matter of course, the affairs of the nation; and settle it, *nem. con.*, that steam, *after all*, is an amazing invention.

By the time all this business has been got through, it is wearing on to six o'clock, the hour at which their workmen drop work, an occasion when they like always to be present; for there is a "method in their madness," and they do not by any means altogether lose sight of the main chance. They, therefore, now again break up; but it is on the express, though unexpressed, understanding, that each man hurries back again to his post as quickly as he possibly can. Having, therefore, seen every thing safely arranged at their respective places of business, and given the keys to one of the "prentice boys" to take home, they once more assemble, and are now fairly in for it for the night. They are now excessively merry; wit, such as it is, plays like a continuous stream of lightning around the social board, and is followed, as it should be, by continuous peals of laughter, loud, long, and hearty, but extremely diversified in tone. One is bold, clear, and hearty; another, short and husky; another, shrill and giggling; another, again, is hoarse, rough, and inharmonious. Song now succeeds; and if it happen to be a melancholy one, which is sometimes the case, for toppers occasionally get pathetic in their cups, you shall see as curious an exhibition of that peculiar expression of face which has got the very appropriate name of drunken gravity, as could be desired—a sort of maudlin sentimentality—even a tear may be detected glistening in the lack-lustre eye of the *daisied* toper, as the simple verses recall the days that are past. He is then in that state which the Scotch happily enough call "greetin' fou." The long-closed sluices of his tender feelings, scared as they are by worldly practice, are thawed by the melting power of "strong drink," and now begin to flow in a thick and muddy stream.

The prevailing temper of the meeting, nevertheless, is that of noisy good fellowship; and a peep in upon them when they are in full glee, by some such accident as the door being left ajar, is worth any money. There you shall see, as the showmen have it, a most interesting display of jovial red faces, grinning with delight, or open-mouthed in paroxysms of laughter, while a gentle but significant cloud of smoke from their respective tumblers curls up from the board around which they are seated, loading the air with so much of the spirit of the liquor, that they may almost be said to breathe as well as tippie whisky. This scene of joy closes, without any thing further remarkable occurring, about half-past ten; for here, again, there is method. Your toper, as he rises betimes, so does he also go home betimes. He is in bed regularly by eleven o'clock. He knows full well that his enjoyments could not last any time were he to give himself up to late hours. His impressive, but somewhat unsteady step, therefore, is always heard in the street some time between ten and eleven. Just before entering his house, he says a civil word or two to the watchman; probably converses with him for a few minutes. This he is prompted to by three different impulses. The first is a plenitude of good humour, proceeding from the comfortable state in which he finds himself; the second is a desire to show the said watchman, that, though habitually rather late in going home—a fact which he knows the watchman is perfectly aware of—he is not by any means a drinker; and, lastly, he does it by way of experiment on his own condition, an experiment which never fails to satisfy himself, at least, that he is "quite correct." The watchman, indeed, is of a different opinion; but of this, of course, he is not cognisant; and, therefore, his equanimity is in no way disturbed by it.

The circle of toppers, though seeing no harm them-

selves in their little friendly meetings, are perfectly aware that that illiberal, prying, officious thing, the world, is of another way of thinking on the subject, and would consider their frequent and unseasonable tipplings, if aware of them, as highly discreditable. Knowing this, and being a little sensitive on the score of their failing, they conduct their proceedings with great caution, circumspection, and a vast deal of ingenuity. They, in the first place, for obvious reasons, carefully select such houses of resort as are situated in quiet, retired corners, and that have one or more sly approaches from behind. This is an indispensable requisite. If they have more than one, so much the better; but one they must have at all events; indeed, we are not sure that there is not a regular survey made upon the house, either by all the members of the corps individually, or by an authorised deputation, to ascertain its properties and capabilities, before it is adopted. Whether this be so or not, it is at any rate certain that the houses are always judiciously, nay, admirably chosen in this, as well as in all other respects. Front doors are their abhorrence. They never enter them, except after night-fall.

One important consideration in the selection of a tipping house is the discretion and other circumstances of the people who keep it. If the landlord be not a perfectly smooth, judicious person, who can see things as if he did not see them, and answer questions in the way in which they ought to be answered, he will not do for the toppers; neither will he answer if any of his children go to the same school with any of the toper's children, for then "the wife" is very apt to hear stories at home, which it were as well she did not hear. Mr and Mrs Whiteles must be persons above the common as to sense and shrewdness. They must think twice before they speak. Every inquiry that comes respecting any of the members from his own home, must be answered in a prudent way. Even when a person apparently belonging to the set comes in, asking "if there's any of them here to-night," Whiteles must pause to consider to what persons the pronoun refers; an enigma which he can only solve by means of an extensive knowledge of convivial acquaintanceships—seeing that a name must never be breathed. Nor must mine host ever appear as if he expected a visit from the club. He must take their five hundredth advent with a look as novel as he put on when they first dropped in upon him ten years ago. Neither, of course, must he ever say to any person inquiring for a member when he is not in the house, that he will positively be there at any given hour; that would look like forethought in drinking—an idea which the toppers never once admit into their heads, and which they imagine themselves entirely free of. The reply to such an inquiry must be, that there is a chance of such a person being there at the time mentioned, as he sometimes looks in about that time, *in passing*; and this, notwithstanding that the host may have as good reason to expect the visit, as he has to expect that he will that day take his dinner. All these rules must be observed by the landlord without the necessity of his ever being admonished of them. He must have taken up the whole by intuition at the first, and carefully regarded them ever since by mere exercise of his own prudence. The toper neither lays down the law nor sees to its practice; nor would he ever take any notice if the system were infringed upon. He would only withdraw, like an offended ghost, and never more be seen in that quarter of the town: the landlord would only read his punishment in the silent abstraction of custom from his tap.

The gang never proceed to the place of meeting in greater numbers together than two, and even this they avoid as much as possible. They always prefer going singly; for going in greater force attracts notice, and gives rise to speculation. If, therefore, two or three of them should happen to meet in the street a little before the appointed hour, they invariably part after a minute's conversation; and to an onlooker who is not in the secret, the parting seems a *bona fide* one. It is cool, dry, and careless, and you would no more dream that these same gentlemen were to meet again in less than five minutes, than you would dream of finding the Pope of Rome at your fireside when you went home. One takes down one street, another takes up another, and a third plunges into an alley within ten yards of you. The parting is, in short, to all appearance complete, time of meeting again indefinite, and toping incredible. But, in a few minutes after, how nicely they may be seen all making for one common centre! How beautifully they converge from the different points of the compass; every close, lane, and street giving up its member, until the whole have united in one compact, concentrated mass! Open that room door, No. 3, and you have them all, every man of them, like as many rats in a trap.

So much have we said, by way of an humorous exposure of the habits of the toppers; but we must not close the article without a few words in a different strain. Can any thing, we would seriously ask, be more mean or unworthy (short of absolute crime) than the course of life led by these persons? Is it consistent with the pride of manhood, not to speak of any higher sentiment, thus daily and almost hourly to be in the practice of all kinds of paltry shifts and clandestine devices for the sake of a brief indulgence to one of the lowest of the appetites? Of how much nobler purposes is life capable, even in the lower walks

of life, than the pursuit of this false and pernicious pleasure; and how powerfully are all of us called, by the circumstances of the country and the prospects of the race, to direct our faculties to those loftier ends! It may be granted that much of this vice arises from the want of a stimulus to the mental powers, after youth and its ardours have begun to decline, and in situations where few external events are occurring to awaken an interest in the breasts of individuals. But surely, in the present day, when literature and science carry their innocent excitements to the door of almost every man in the empire, there can no longer be any excuse for a vice so obviously degrading in its current indulgence, and so well known to be fatal in the long-run to the health of both body and mind.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE WINDS.

THE atmosphere which surrounds this earth, the presence of which is essential to the existence of every living being, extends, as we have elsewhere premised, to a very considerable height, and, as philosophers have demonstrated, exerts a pressure of fourteen pounds and a half on every square inch of the earth's surface. This being remembered, we can readily conceive that every motion or agitation of this atmosphere will be sensibly felt, whether it occur in slight and gentle breezes, such as may on a summer evening refresh all animate nature, or whether it assume a more fearful character, such as when, under the form of the simoon, it threatens death to every traveller in the desert. That the winds, which with greater or lesser violence occur in every region of the globe, are of infinite importance in the economy of the universe, there can be no doubt. By their agency the atmosphere is purified from the noxious effluvia which arise from marshy soils and stagnant waters, and which would be destructive alike to animal and vegetable life; by their currents the clouds are transported to distant regions, where, falling in rain, they refresh and fertilise lands that would otherwise be barren; by their aid, too, little seeds, provided with pinions, or fringed, as it were, for the purpose—such is the beneficent foresight of Nature—are borne along to spread far and wide the empire of vegetation. The ingenuity of man, too, has made a lever of the winds, which he has applied in the operation of machinery, as may be observed in wind-mills, which are still so common in England; his skill, also, in taking advantage of their power, and adapting them to his service, may be especially observed in the ingenious manner in which the sails of a ship are set to catch every side-wind that may still urge her on her voyage. Let us now then examine the cause of the winds; the different kinds of winds that prevail at different seasons and in different regions; their velocity, extent, power, and the phenomena by which they are severally attended!

A change in the temperature, a diminution of the vapour, or any other cause that may occasion a portion of the surrounding atmosphere to contract or expand, will give rise to the aerial currents denominated winds, which, indeed, bear a strong analogy to the currents which occur in the ocean. When the air by which we are surrounded becomes heated, it expands, and becomes specifically lighter, in consequence of which it mounts upwards; and the colder and denser air which surrounds the mass thus rarified, rushes in to supply its place. When the door of a heated apartment is thrown open, a current of air is thereby immediately produced; the warm air from the apartment passing out, and the cold air from the passage rushing in. So, also, in those buildings where the manufacture of glass is carried on, the heat of the furnace in the centre being intense, a violent current of air may be observed to force its way in through the doors or crevices on the opposite sides of the house. On applying these principles to account for the origin of the wind, we find, that, when the rays from the sun, by their reflection from the earth's surface, have heated or rarified a portion of the surrounding air, the air so rarified ascends into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and the colder air by which it was surrounded moves forward in a sensible current to fill the vacancy. When, also, a condensation of vapour in the atmosphere suddenly takes place, giving rise to clouds which speedily dissolve in rain, the temperature of the surrounding air is sensibly altered, and the colder rushing in upon the warmer, gives rise to a sudden gust of wind. For this reason, a cold heavy shower passing over head with a hasty fall of snow or hail, is often attended with a violent and sudden gust of wind, such as sailors call "a squall," which ceases when the cloud disappears, but is renewed when another cloud sweep-

ing along in the same direction, brings with it a fresh blast. Accordingly, a whistling, or howling, or noise of the wind, is universally considered to be a prognostic of rain, because it indicates that a change is taking place in the temperature of the atmosphere, owing to the vapour in its higher regions being condensed into rain-clouds.

The general nature of the winds in this and in other countries depends very much on the character of the region whence they may have swept, and, accordingly, it is necessary to remember that the globe is divided into five zones or belts—the torrid, which is exposed to the direct rays of the sun; the two temperate zones, which, meeting the rays of the sun obliquely, enjoy a moderate degree of heat; and the two frigid zones, which, deprived of the heat of the sun for a great part of the year, and during the other part receiving his rays still more obliquely, are regions of ice and snow which, it would appear, are destined ever to remain uninhabitable solitudes. Currents of wind are described not according to the point to which they proceed, as is the case with the currents of the sea, but according to that from which they are derived. By a westerly current of water we imply a current flowing towards the west; by a westerly current of air, one coming from the west. We may now therefore observe, that a westerly wind is moist, because it comes from the Atlantic, where a great quantity of vapours arise. When mingled with that of the south, which comes from the torrid zone, it is rendered particularly warm. The west was the favourite wind of the ancient Poets. Lucian describes it as the only one that blows in the Elysian fields. It is the Favonius of the Latins, and the "incense breathing" Zephyr of the Greeks. The east wind is the driest, because it comes from the continent of Asia, where there are few seas. The north wind, however, is the coldest, because it sweeps from the immense tracts of ice and snow in the frigid zone. The north-easterly winds, therefore, being so dry and cold, are in this country proverbially the most chilly and bitter.

While the south-west is the most predominant wind in Europe, the north-east winds in spring may be regarded as periodical in the climate of Britain; it is to be remembered, however, that the succession of the seasons of the year, with their characteristic changes of temperature, depend principally on the relative position of the earth to the sun. The more vertically or directly the sun's rays reach the surface of the earth, descending in a more concentrated manner, the greater is the degree of heat which they produce; but the more obliquely they fall, being thereby more scattered, and consequently falling with less power, the smaller is the degree of heat they impart. Accordingly, in the winter season, the sun's rays reach the surface of the globe in our latitude more obliquely than they do in the summer season, consequently that season is characterised by the coldness which then prevails; therefore, the winds, powerful as their agency certainly is, exercise only a subsidiary influence in modifying the temperature of the seasons. Besides this, the physical aspect of a country, its mountains and table lands, its chains of hills and its valleys, its rocky elevations and its level plains, its protected or exposed coasts, all influence very mate-

rially the direction of the wind, which must, as it sweeps along, coincide with the elevations and depressions of the country over which it passes. Hence it has been shown, by Dr Clarke of London, that the climate in certain districts of England, owing to the protection of surrounding elevations, rivals in salubrity, even in the most trying seasons, many of the most favourite and fashionable resorts for invalids in the south of France.

Besides the division of the winds, founded on their direction from the cardinal points—as into north, north-east; south, south-east; west, south-west; east, &c.—they are divided by meteorologists into four classes, viz. regular, irregular, periodical, and hot-winds—the causes of which, with the phenomena by which they are attended, will now be considered.

REGULAR WINDS—TRADE-WINDS.

In order that we may distinctly understand the cause and nature of the trade-winds, it is necessary to bear in mind that the earth in the centre of its circumference, at an equal distance from the poles, is divided by a line called the equator into two hemispheres—the northern and the southern. By seamen this equator is called "the line;" and when they sail over it, they are said to "cross the line." Across the equator, cutting it obliquely, there passes another great circle called the ecliptic, which describes the path the sun traverses. It extends 23½ degrees north and 23½ degrees south of the equator, which is the utmost limit the sun traverses; for when arrived at either of these boundaries, he again seems to return towards the equator. It must be very evident that the region of the earth included within a circle drawn 23½ degrees north and 23½ south of the equator—which will comprehend the greatest portion of Africa, a considerable part of Asia and America, and many large, fertile, and populous islands in the East and West Indies—will receive constantly the solar rays in a direction so little oblique, that the most intolerable heat might there be anticipated. It was therefore called the torrid zone; and the limits at which the sun stops, and appears to retrace his course, have received the name of tropics, or circles of return. This being premised, and it being also remembered that the earth revolves daily, "her silent course advancing" round the sun from west to east, the cause of the trade-winds will be readily understood. The rays of the sun, in its apparent motion from east to west, obviously rarifies, by the heat they impart, the air beneath, and the air so rarified rises into the higher regions of the atmosphere. While this takes place, the colder air from the adjoining temperate zones rushes in to supply its place. But it is from the polar regions, north and south, that these colder currents originally come; and did the earth remain at rest, such would be their obvious direction. Instead of this, however, north of the equator the direction of the trade-winds is from the north-east; south of the equator, from the south-east; the cause of which is thus explained.—The velocity with which the earth revolves is inconsiderable, if appreciable, at the poles, but increases as we advance, and is at its maximum at the equator; the winds, in sweeping from the poles, do not acquire a corresponding velocity with the motion of the earth as they advance towards the equator; therefore, moving more slowly than the earth, they are left behind, striking bodies with the excess of the earth's velocity; so that, to the observer who imagines himself at rest, the air appears to move in a direction contrary to the rotation of the earth, viz. from east to west. While the trade-wind thus blows upon the surface of the earth, there is no doubt that an opposite current, probably that of the rarified air which has ascended, flows in the contrary direction at a great elevation in the atmosphere. The fact was distinctly proved by the eruption of a volcano in the Island of St Vincent, in the year 1812. Barbadoes lies at a distance of from ninety to a hundred miles east of St Vincent, and the trade-wind from the former to the latter island blows so directly and violently, that a passage from St Vincent to Barbadoes can only be effected by making a circuit of many hundred miles. Notwithstanding this, when the eruption took place at St Vincent, the volcanic ashes and sand which were ejected were carried by the upper current of air, in dense clouds, into the atmosphere above Barbadoes, on which island they fell to the depth of nearly three-quarters of an inch.

The external limits of the trade-winds are 30 degrees north and 30 degrees south of the equator; but each limit diminishes as the sun advances to the opposite tropic. The larger the expanse of ocean over which they sweep, the more steadily do they blow; accordingly, they are more steady in the Pacific than in the Atlantic, and in the South than in the North Atlantic Ocean. Within the region of the constant trade-winds, rain seldom occurs, but it falls abundantly in the adjoining latitudes. The reason is, that rain is produced by the sudden mixture of air of different temperatures charged with moisture; but the constant circulation and intermixture of the air from the upper strata of the atmosphere, or ground current, maintains so equal a temperature in these latitudes as not to occasion the condensation of vapour which is necessary for the production of rain. Besides which, it is plausibly enough alleged by Daniel, that the aqueous vapour constantly flows off in the current of the equatorial wind into the adjoining temperate zones. Within the limits of the trade-winds, contrary to what might have been anticipated from the latitude,

the atmosphere is peculiarly cool and refreshing. "The climate of the Sandwich Islands," says Stewart, "is far more cool than might be supposed, judging from their latitude." "Nothing," says Humboldt, equals the beauty and mildness of the equinoctial region on the ocean." To these trade-winds must this alone be attributed; and thus has Nature rendered a region, which would otherwise have been parched, arid, and uninhabitable, so redolent with beauty and magnificence, that, from its physical aspect, it may be justly designated the paradise of the surrounding world.

"TWO YEARS AT SEA,"

A NEW WORK BY MISS ROBERTS.

WE have felt considerable pleasure in perusing a work just published, entitled "Two Years at Sea, being the Narrative of a Voyage to the Swan River and Van Dieman's Land, during the years 1829-30-31. By Jane Roberts." This young lady, who, by the melancholy death of a relative, has been compelled to retrace her steps to England, after having proceeded to the Australian continent as an emigrant, has written a simple and unpretending narrative of facts coming under her observation while abroad, including some amusing particulars relative to the customs of the Burmese, among whom she resided some time. There is nothing very striking in any of the incidents which she relates, but they bear the stamp of truth, and that is of immense consequence as regards the settlement at the Swan River, a place about which most disgracefully flattering accounts have been propagated in this country. The description which this amiable authoress gives of the appearance of the country on her arrival at Swan River, cannot be read without exciting feelings of horror. She finds a community of Englishmen entrapped into the settlement of a region as sandy and inhospitable as the deserts of Africa. Here are her words, on the vessel approaching land:—"And what did they [the emigrants] see? A fine river, the verdant banks of which refreshed their anxious gaze? No! no! in every direction as far as the eye could reach—a brilliant white sand, which the children called snow, and wondered why the trees were green." The settlers are put on shore near the town of Freemantle, and pitch tents in the meanwhile, till exploring parties go in search for land, which, during Miss Roberts's stay, was nowhere to be found worth the locating. The sufferings experienced grew daily more distressing, but "the greatest annoyance," she says, "was from the sand; the burnt wood of the surrounding fires, mixing with it, not only filled the shoes, but covered the person with a disagreeable, black, dirty dust."

We have only room for the following graphic account which is given of a settler's family:—"The party consisted of a gentleman, with his wife and six children, from two to fourteen years of age, with an establishment of a young woman as their own immediate attendant, a practical farmer and his wife, two labouring men, and a boy. To how many thousand acres of land his property entitled him, I know not, but his grant was to be on an extensive scale. He had been lured, by the tempting bait of providing a fine estate for his children, to collect his property, and leave his English home. His conduct needs no other comment than that which the mania of the Swan River settlement at the time occasioned."

In the wood before mentioned, as near his companions of the voyage as possible, he selected a spot, rendered convenient by the natural arrangement of the trees, and threw up his temporary abode. It consisted of a large tent, or canvass covering, sufficient for himself, wife, and children, and, at a short distance, a smaller tent for his servants.

Round his own dwelling was ranged his property, consisting of every convenience for settling comfortably on his new and extensive estate. Packing cases of all sizes contained the following articles, viz. two wooden houses, one of four and one of twelve rooms, furniture of every description for both of them; dairy utensils, farming implements, trees, plants, and seeds; a variety of preserved provisions, biscuit, and flour; fodder for his cattle; and sufficient linen and clothing for the whole party for two years. I must not omit the addition of a good-sized plate-chest.

This detail will give some idea of the extent of the barricado around him. An opening was left for an entrance, over which two fine dogs kept watch, whilst he and his family reposed on beds on the ground, under the same canvass roof.

His horses and carts had been of the greatest service in bringing his heavy property over the sand, but his pretty new carriage stood unused, as a memento of the little to be learned in England of the necessities required in the first formation of a colony. Many of his cattle and sheep had strayed away, and for those which remained not a blade of grass was to be found.

With respect to water, the family were much inconvenienced for the first days after their arrival, but a well was soon sunk to supply the whole encampment; those used by former settlers in the wood had been filled in. This well was dug as near the dwelling as possible, but, nevertheless, it was toilsome to fetch the water over the sand, under such a sun.

The settler's establishment thus arranged, his next consideration was to feed his party as economically as possible, so as not to encroach too much on the store

* It is interesting to inquire which of these winds predominate most in this country. By the calculations of Luke Howard, it appears that the westerly winds predominate over the easterly, and the northerly over the southerly. The following table, arranged from the data he has supplied, founded on ten years' observation, will show the predominance of the different winds during the different months of the year:—

January.—The northerly winds preponderate by a fourth of their amount over the southerly.

February.—The southerly winds preponderate over the northerly by about a third.

March.—The north-east winds are in greater proportion than during any other part of the year, exceeding their own average by more than a third.

April.—The north-east winds abate somewhat of their excess, but still continue in very high proportion. The northerly winds preponderate over the southerly, but the general easterly winds prevail over the westerly.

May.—The north-easterly winds having decreased for the last two months, fall below average, and the southerly winds predominate. Variable winds are at their highest amount.

June.—The northerly wind predominates by more than a third, chiefly from the return of the north-westerly wind.

July.—The westerly wind prevails over all the rest; the south-west is also in high proportion, the north-east is very low, and the wind from east to south, at its minimum, having gone off for two months.

August.—The wind from west to north is at its maximum, having increased for three months, and the wind from south to west in high proportion having increased for two months. The winds from north to east are at their minimum, and from east to south little removed from it. This month, too, has the least proportion of variable winds.

September.—There is almost a balance between the northerly and southerly winds; in other respects the wind from east to south attains nearly its highest amount.

October.—The north-east and south-east winds are pretty nearly equal, but the winds from south to west predominate over the whole, and, with the aid of the wind from east to south, exceeds the northerly winds by a fourth of the sum of the latter.

November.—Northerly winds predominate by a fourth of their amount, chiefly bearing towards the east.

December.—The northerly and southerly winds are almost exactly balanced, but the westerly winds nearly double the sum of the easterly.

of provisions. Fresh meat was dear and not very good, for cattle and sheep were too precious to be killed, unless it was found that they were famishing for want of herbage. Salted provisions became, therefore, almost constant food, which rendered the want of milk and vegetables the more distressing. The latter privation was a great and daily source of complaint, and many were the hints and reproaches thrown out against the first settlers who had arrived there before them, for not having planted and sown seeds around their temporary location.

Those who made observations of this kind were by fatal experience soon taught their error; the facility with which water was obtained afforded the first instance. It was asserted that a well might be dug with hands only; certain it is, that, by scratching away the sand, springs appeared almost immediately below the surface in every direction. This it was which had destroyed the gardens; several had been formed in different parts; plants had sprung up, looked green, but died off, rotten at the root.

The settler having forwarded an estimate of his property to the governor, his next step was to present himself to his excellency, to receive a specification of his grant of land. The governor's residence was at Perth, the capital of the Swan River establishment, sixteen miles distant from Fremantle. Thither he arranged to go by water, calculating on an absence of three days from his family, allowing one day for going, one for an interview with his excellency, and the third for returning. He arrived at Perth, and arranged every thing according to his wishes, but it was not till the fourth day that he relanded at Fremantle, detained by the uncertainty of the wind and tide of the river. One boat was three days returning only; coasting, landing, and again renewing the attempt.

To examine the specified grant was the settler's next step, which was more or less difficult to accomplish, according to the extent of its distance from other located spots. His horse and cart could not pass over such ground as he had to traverse, so that all the necessities he required for food and rest had to be carried by himself, there being no human habitations on the road.

The anxiety felt by his family during his absence may naturally be imagined; and on his return from his perilous expedition, he was joyfully greeted by all. The grant he had visited he did not approve, and, therefore, he did not accept, thinking it better to wait till good land could be found, than to settle on that which would not yield him a sufficient produce to recompense him for his labour.

I shall never forget paying a visit to his tent one morning a little before eight o'clock. The family were seated at breakfast; a clear space on one side had been newly strewn with green rushes to cover the sand; in the centre was placed the table, which, as they had unpacked sufficient for immediate use, was laid with a clean white cloth and the usual comforts of the morning repast. The mother, who in England had ever been accustomed to a good establishment of servants, had risen at six o'clock, and prepared the cakes before them. She was making tea, nicely dressed, her large straw bonnet, lined with green, shading her from the sun. The children sat orderly around, looking beautifully clean and neat; I need not say that the husband's eyes beamed with delight—they could not do otherwise—although they were occasionally clouded by melancholy forebodings. The picture was enchanting, but it could not last, and, like all earthly happiness, its brilliancy was soon to be overcast by a temporary gloom. The noon repast again brought them together, but the father was wearied by a fruitless search after strayed cattle, and the whole party were more or less covered with a black sand, the sight of which could scarcely be borne, although it was almost useless to remove it.

As our stay drew towards a close, we each felt an increasing interest and anxiety as to the welfare and success of those to be left behind. During the whole of our seven weeks' residence there, we had invariably fine weather, until two nights before our departure, when a heavy shower poured down in torrents, giving us some idea of the sufferings to which the first settlers there before us had been exposed during the rainy season. Canvass was not proof against such a powerful torrent; and the family I have described, not having quite completed their arrangements for removal, sheltered themselves under umbrellas within the tent, putting the children under the tables!

This was certainly very bad, and we fully agree with Miss Roberts when she adds—"To retrograde to the primeval shepherds, with their flocks and herds, their verdant banks and cooling streams, is very pleasing; but, even with them, we sometimes read of a dearth and a famine in the land, grievous to be borne. The shepherds of whom I write, at the period of which I write, were to a certain extent under the same affliction; but as many of them have since that period been comparatively successful, we may hope that the time may come when the happy state of the primeval shepherd may be fully theirs."

We should like much to know who it was that first projected the plan of this miserable colony, or who palmed upon the government and the people the account of the adaptation of the place for the settlement of emigrants. We take this opportunity of earnestly advising no person whatever, male or female, to think of emigrating to any portion of Australia, which cannot for a moment be put in comparison with Upper

Canada or the Northern States of America. Our reasons for this recommendation will be found in our *Historical Newspaper* for June, under the head NEW SOUTH WALES.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

THIS extraordinary man, who, from being originally an operative weaver, became, by his own unaided exertions, one of the most celebrated ornithologists of his day, was born in Paisley on the 6th of July 1766. His father was a distiller, poor in fortune, though said to have been endowed with an active and sagacious mind. He was so unfortunate as to lose his mother at the early age of ten, and was left without the tender and judicious care which a mother alone can give. On attaining his thirteenth year, he was bound apprentice for three years to his brother-in-law, to learn the business of a weaver, and on the expiry of this term continued to work as a journeyman for four years more.

The employment of a weaver was by no means congenial to the disposition and propensities of the future ornithologist; but as his father, though a highly respectable man in character, was in very indifferent circumstances, young Wilson had no choice left, but was compelled to adopt that which was readiest and most easily attained. It is much to his credit, however, that though he must have felt—indeed it is certain that he did feel, and that at a very early age—that he was fitted for higher things, he yet diligently laboured at the humble but honourable calling to which his destiny had appointed him, and never allowed such feelings to interrupt his industry. At this period of his life he indulged in a predilection for poetical composition, and wrote several pieces which appeared in the *Glasgow Advertiser*; but in these juvenile attempts he was not very successful, nor was he ever at any after period fortunate in this department of literature, though his poetical productions are certainly not without very considerable merit.

Having continued at the loom, as already said, for four years as a journeyman weaver, at the end of this period he abandoned the business to accompany his brother-in-law, who had commenced travelling merchant or pedlar, in a tour through the eastern districts of Scotland—an employment which, though it could scarcely claim any sort of precedence in point of rank over that which he had left, he yet gladly embraced, as it at once released him from the confinement and dull monotony of his former occupation, and permitted him to indulge in one of his strongest propensities, which was to ramble over hill and dale, and to enjoy, unfettered and unrestrained, the beauties of his native land. With such a disposition it is not to be wondered at that as a pedlar he made much greater progress in the study of nature, and perhaps of man, and in the extending of his ideas, than in the improvement of his fortunes. The acquisition of money was no object with him, and of course as it was not sought, it was not found.

At this time Burns was in the zenith of his fame, and Wilson, tempted by his success, resolved to publish his poems—the accumulated pieces of preceding years—and in 1789, contracted with a printer in Paisley for this purpose, but was obliged to abandon the idea for the time, for want of means to carry it into effect. He however published them some time afterwards, with the title of "Poems, Humorous, Satirical, and Serious," at his own risk, after having in vain endeavoured to procure subscribers, and carried them about with him in his hawking expeditions, but met with little or no success in the sale of them. Finding that he could make nothing of either poetry or traffic, he returned once more to his loom, at which he was again quietly seated, when he learned that a debating society in Edinburgh had proposed for discussion the question whether Ferguson or Allan Ramsay had done most honour to Scottish poetry. Seized with an ambition to distinguish himself on this occasion, he borrowed from a friend the poems of Ferguson, which he had never read before, and in a few days produced a poem which he entitled the "Laurel Disputed," and in which he awarded the palm to Ferguson. With this poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and recited it before the audience assembled to hear the discussion. Before he left Edinburgh, he also recited in public two other poems, and acquired by all a considerable degree of respect and favour. He likewise contributed occasionally, about

this time (1791), to a periodical work called "The Bee." But though Wilson's poetical efforts procured him some reputation, they did nothing for him in the way of advancing his worldly interests. The volume of poems which he published in 1789, at which period he was only twenty-two years of age, went through two small editions in octavo, but without yielding the author any pecuniary advantage. His literary reputation was, nevertheless, considerably increased by the publication of his "Watty and Meg," a poem in the Scottish dialect, and of such decided merit that it was universally ascribed to Burns on its first appearance, which was in 1791. It is a droll and satirical description of a drunken husband and scolding wife, and shows that the author possessed a fund of broad humour.

Having soon after this embroiled himself in some serious disputes which took place in his native town between the operative weavers and their employers, by writing some severe personal satires on certain individuals of the latter class, he found his residence in Paisley no longer compatible with his comfort or happiness, and therefore determined on proceeding to America. But before taking his departure, he called on those persons whom he had satirised, expressed his sorrow for what he had done, and solicited their forgiveness. This circumstance is a pleasing proof of the generosity of his nature—that which follows a very striking one of the determination of his character. Although he had resolved on going to America, he did not possess a single shilling wherewith to pay his passage. To supply this desideratum, he instantly abandoned every other pursuit, and for four months laboured with incessant industry at his loom, confining the expense of his living during this time to one shilling in the week. The result of this perseverance and rigid economy was, that at the end of the period named, he found himself in possession of the requisite sum, but nothing more. With this he set out for Portpatrick on foot, crossed to Belfast, and there engaged a passage to America, and he arrived at New York on the 14th of July 1794, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and even these were borrowed from a fellow passenger.

Up to this period, and indeed for several years after, Wilson exhibited no indications of a genius or even predilection for that particular department of natural history in which he afterwards acquired so brilliant a name, but it is said, that immediately after landing in America, and while proceeding from the place of his disembarkation to Newcastle, his attention was strongly excited by the specimens of the feathered inhabitants of the new world which he met with, and that he was particularly delighted with the splendour of the plumage of a red-headed woodpecker which he shot by the way. Whether or not his genius received on this occasion that bent which afterwards led to such splendid results, it is certain that he always retained a lively recollection of the feelings of surprise and delight with which he for the first time contemplated the beauties of the American woodpecker.

For many years after his arrival in America, Wilson's condition underwent but little improvement. He found there nearly the same difficulties to contend with, and prospects nearly equally cheerless, with those he had left behind him in his native land. The first employment he obtained was with a copperplate printer in Philadelphia, but this he soon relinquished, and betook himself to his original trade, weaving. This he again resigned for the pack; but his success as a pedlar was not sufficient to induce him to continue by it, and he abandoned it also, and commenced teacher; making his first experiment in this laborious and somewhat precarious profession near the town of Frankfort in Pennsylvania. While in this situation, he in a great measure repaired the defects of his early education, by close and unremitting study in various departments of science and knowledge, and, as has often been the case, by instructing others he taught himself. He afterwards removed to Milles-town, where he remained for several years, adding a little to the limited income arising from his school, by surveying land for farmers.

At the end of this period he applied for and obtained the appointment of schoolmaster of the Union School in the township of Kingessing, within a few miles of Philadelphia; and it is from this period that his history in the pursuit of the bird creation commences, although he yet entertained that branch of natural history only in common with others, and by no means confined his studies to the feathered tribes. His attention was equally engrossed by a host of other animals; and his apartment, as described by himself, had the appearance of Noah's ark, being crowded with opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and other animals. Finding his ignorance of drawing a serious desideratum in his new pursuit, he applied to the acquisition of this art with such diligence and determination of purpose, that he in a very short time succeeded in obtaining a command of the pencil, that enabled him to sketch from nature with great fidelity and spirit. It was not, however, till the year 1803 that Wilson conceived the magnificent design of his American Ornithology, and even then his ideas on the subject fell very far short of the great work he afterwards achieved. At this period he contemplated little more than "making a collection of the finest American birds," as he himself writes to a friend in Paisley. Having mentioned his intention

to some of his American friends, they endeavoured to dissuade him from prosecuting it, and, with a sincere regard for his interest, pointed out to him the formidable difficulties which he would have to encounter, and which appeared to them insurmountable. But they spoke in vain. Wilson's ardour and enthusiasm was more than a match for their prudence; and trusting to his own resources, he quietly but resolutely proceeded with his design, although, and it is a curious fact, when he began his stupendous work on American ornithology, he did not know even the names of more than three or four of the American birds. But from this moment he devoted himself with a zeal and energy to the accomplishment of his enterprise, which removed all obstacles as fast as they presented themselves, and swept away all difficulties as straws were swept away by the stream.

In October 1804, with his gun on his shoulder, he made the first of that series of perilous journeys through the wilds of America, which he found it necessary to perform to obtain an accurate and intimate knowledge of the birds of the forest; and amidst privations and hardships which few men but himself would have voluntarily encountered, he completed a journey of 1200 miles on foot, through deep snows, boundless forests, deep and dangerous rivers, and over wild and desolate mountains. But the experience of this perilous and painful excursion, instead of damping his ardour, had the effect only of increasing it. In the spring of the following year he had completed drawings of twenty-eight rare birds, and about this time also made an attempt to acquire the art of engraving on copper, thinking, in the devotedness of his enthusiasm, that he might by diligence and perseverance soon attain such a proficiency in this art as would enable him to execute the plates for his contemplated work; and he actually completed two; but when he had got this length, he became dissatisfied with the result of his labours, and abandoned the pursuit. At this period the general aspect of his affairs, and those in particular which related to his undertaking, were exceedingly gloomy. He was without means and without money, and was persevering in a course which his friends thought an imprudent one, and was therefore without even words of encouragement to cheer him on his way. But neither these disheartening considerations, nor any other, could deter him from prosecuting his great design. So far from being discouraged by the difficulties which surrounded him, he declared that he would proceed with his plan even if it should cost him his life; and in that noble spirit, which belongs to true genius alone, exclaimed, "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished."

At the close of the year 1805, he made an unsuccessful attempt to be appointed to take part in an exploratory expedition which the American government was then about to send to the valley of the Mississippi. He addressed his application on this occasion to President Jefferson, stating to that functionary what he had done in the prosecution of his intended work on American ornithology, and representing the advantages which the being permitted to accompany the party would afford him in furthering his views. To this communication, from what cause is now unknown, he obtained no reply, and of course did not join the expedition. Soon after this, more cheering prospects presented themselves to the enterprising ornithologist. A Mr Samuel F. Bradford, a publisher in Philadelphia, who was about to print an edition of Rees' Cyclopædia, engaged Wilson, on what the latter himself called liberal terms, to superintend the publication of that work. But this connexion presented another inducement to Wilson, and one which had infinitely greater attractions for him than any which related to his own personal advantage. This was the prospect it afforded him of procuring a publisher for his work, and so far he was not disappointed. On his explaining the nature and object of his undertaking, Mr Bradford readily consented to become his publisher; and in September 1806, the first volume of "American Ornithology" appeared, one of the most splendid books by far which had then emanated from the American press; but unfortunately the price was, though necessarily, much too high for a country comparatively in its infancy, and which had not then had time to turn its attention to the arts or sciences, or to acquire a sufficient taste for them to encourage such an expensive appeal on their behalf. The price of the work, when completed, was to be 120 dollars. It is not therefore at all surprising to find, that, even a considerable time after its publication, its ingenious, but in this respect certainly injudicious author, could only boast of forty-one names on his list of subscribers. This number, however, he afterwards increased to two hundred and fifty, by travelling through the country, and visiting the different towns in quest of patrons; but these, he himself says, were obtained "at a price worth more than five times the amount;" and they no doubt were so, if wounded feelings, fatigue of body and mind, and all the humiliations to which such a mission must of necessity have frequently subjected him, be taken into the account. From this tour he returned to New York in March 1809.

Two hundred copies only of the first volume of the Ornithology had been printed, but it was now thought advisable to throw off three hundred more, which was accordingly done; and, in the meantime, Wilson assiduously employed himself in preparing the second volume for the press, although he neither had yet be-

nefited to the extent of a single dollar by the publication of his work, nor was likely to do so. The second volume appeared in January 1810; and immediately after its appearance, the author set out on another tour in quest of support and patronage. This time he penetrated into the western part of the states, or valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. At Pittsburg, he succeeded beyond his expectations in getting some subscribers; and after ascertaining that the roads were such as to render a land journey impossible, he bought a small boat, which he named the *Ornithologist*, intending to proceed in it down the Ohio to Cincinnati, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Some advised him not to undertake the journey alone; but he had made up his mind, and only waited, exploring the woods in the interval, till the ice had left the stream. At length the time arrived for his departure on this inland voyage. His provision consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial, given him by a gentleman in Pittsburg; one end of the boat was occupied by his trunk, greatcoat, and gun; and he had a small tin vessel, with which to bale his boat, and to drink the water of the Ohio. Thus equipped, he launched into the stream. The weather was calm, and the river like a mirror, except where fragments of ice were floating down. His heart expanded with delight at the novelty and wildness of the scene. The song of the red-bird in the deep forests on the shore, the smoke of the various sugar-camps rising gently along the mountains, and the little log-huts, which here and there opened from the woods, gave an appearance of life to a landscape which would otherwise have been lonely and still. He could not consent to the slow motion of the river, which flowed two miles and a half an hour; he therefore stripped himself for the oar, and added three miles and a half to his speed. Our traveller's lodgings by night were less tolerable than his voyage, as he went down the desolate stream. The first night was passed in a log-cabin, fifty-two miles below Pittsburg, where he slept on a heap of straw.

Having reached Cincinnati, he there got a few subscribers for his work, and then proceeded to Louisville, where he sold his boat. He next walked a distance of seventy-two miles to Lexington, from whence he travelled to Nashville, exploring on his journey some of the remarkable caverns of Kentucky. He had thoughts of extending his tour to St Louis; but after considering that it would detain him a month, and add four hundred miles to his journey without perhaps adding a single subscriber to his list, he gave up the plan, and prepared for a passage through the wilderness towards New Orleans. He was strongly urged not to undertake it, and a thousand alarming representations of hardship and danger were set before him; but, as usual, he gave fears to the winds, and quietly made preparations for the way. He set out on the 4th of May, on horseback, with a pistol in each pocket, and a fowling-piece belted across his shoulder. During this adventurous journey he suffered severely from the heat of the sun, and all the changes of the weather. His exposure by night and day brought on an illness which he with difficulty surmounted. He had occasion to travel among the Indians, who, it seems, treated him with great kindness; and though dreadfully worn out with fatigue, he enjoyed the journey very much. He reached New Orleans on the 6th of June, and shortly embarked in a vessel for New York, and from thence he proceeded to Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 2d of August 1810.

Wilson now applied himself with unwearied industry to the preparation of the third volume of his Ornithology. At this time, he says that the number of birds which he had found, and which had not been noticed by any other naturalist, amounted to forty. Between this period and 1812, he made several other journeys throughout the country, partly with the view of promoting the sale of his publication, and partly to procure materials for his study, an object which he never lost sight of—seldom travelling, whatever might be the immediate or ostensible cause of his changing place, without his fowling-piece.

In the year above named, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which his merits were beginning to be held. This was his being chosen a member of the Society of Artists of the United States; and in the spring of the following year, he was admitted to the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. But this extraordinary man was not destined to see either the completion of his meritorious labours, or to enjoy the triumph of achieving all that he designed. The excessive labour and fatigue of both body and mind, to which he had for many years subjected himself, gradually undermined his constitution, and prepared it to yield to the first act of indiscretion to which it should be exposed; and this, unfortunately, now very soon occurred.

While sitting one day with a friend, he caught a glimpse from the window of a rare bird, for which he had long been vainly looking out. The instant he saw it, he seized his gun, rushed out of the house in pursuit of it, and after an arduous chase, during which he swam across a river, succeeded in killing it; but he succeeded at the expense of his life. He caught a violent cold; this was followed by dysentery, which carried him off after an illness of ten days' continuance. He died on the morning of the 23d of August 1813, in the 47th year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of the Swedish church, in Southwark, Philadelphia. A plain marble monument, with an

inscription, intimating his age, the place and date of his birth, and of his death, marks the place of his sepulture.

Wilson had completed the seventh volume of his Ornithology before he died, and was engaged, when seized with his last illness, in collecting materials for the eighth. At this he laboured with an assiduity and unintermitting industry which called forth the remonstrances of his friends. His reply, while it seems to indicate a presentiment of his premature fate, is at the same time characteristic of his extraordinary enthusiasm and diligence. "Life is short," he would say on these occasions, "and nothing can be done without exertion." Nor is a wish, which he repeatedly expressed to a friend some time before his death, less characteristic of his amiable nature and deep admiration of the works of his Creator. This wish was, that he might be buried where the birds might sing over his grave.

His person is described as having been tall and handsome, rather slender than robust; his countenance expressive and thoughtful, and his eye intelligent. Unfortunately for himself, the speculation in which he engaged with so much ardour yielded him no remuneration; for he had committed the serious error of issuing his work on too expensive a scale. From the publication he derived no profits whatever; and the heavy expenses he had to incur in his journey, as well as his ordinary outlays, were only paid by the wages he received in the capacity of colourer of his own plates. Of the many active men whose biographies we have sketched, there is not perhaps one whose life presents such a heroic resolution in the pursuit of science as Wilson. Although this most indefatigable genius did not live to enjoy the reward of his diligence, he certainly anticipated what has come to pass—that his work would always be regarded as a subject of pride by his adopted country—as it certainly is by the country which gave him birth—and would secure immortal honour for him whose name it bears.

EESIE CAMPBELL,

AN ABERDEENSHIRE TALE.

"I DINNA think that I'll let ye gang to the hills the day," said the wife of John Campbell to her daughter Eesie, as the latter was hurriedly concluding the dairy-work of the morning, in order to bestow her customary attendance on her father's sheep.

"But I maun gang, mither," replied Eesie; "it's folly o' ye to speak that way, when ye ken it's speuin'-time, and the ewes are aye far down to kepp the lambs gin this time o' day."

"I'll sen' Andrew to them, lassie; I canna think o' you gaun, after what I've suffer't for ye the night!"—and the matron's frame shook as she spoke with all the violence of an hysterical fit.

"What said ye, mither?—suffer't for me? For gude's cause, tell me hoo!"

"Oh, lassie, I've thoct ye unco alter't an' fey-like this while! Ye use't to come down the glen i' the gloamin' singin' as merrily as the mavis; but noo ye steal hame as quiet and dowly as a ghaist, an' ye never ken o' your comin' till ye're close by the hearth-stane."

"Gae, mither; wad ye hae me as deavesome an' thoctless as when I was a bairn?"

"Ye're but a bairn yet, Eesie; its nae length o' days that's alter't the lichtness o' yer heart. Monya nicht ha'e I beseech't the Almighty that nae ill might befa' ye when ye was beyon' the care o' a mither's e'e. But yestreen—Oh, lassie, siccan dreams as I had!"

"Noo, mither, gin ye be among yer dreams again."

"Haud yer peace, Eesie; though ye're the ae purr lamb o' my bosom, an' maybe had mair o' your ain will than was gude for ye, I winna let ye speak lichtfu' o' what's affeckit me sae sair."

Eesie stood for a while, gazing into the swimming eyes of her mother, with parted lips, and cheeks dyed with the flush of anxiety and fear. At last, with a shudder she cast down the little bundle that contained her dinner, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, protested with tears that she would never again insist on doing aught contrary to the peace of one who so dearly loved her.

There was not in the wide valley of Glentanner, nor in all its neighbouring dales, a maiden whose delicate beauty could be as all compared with that of Eesie Campbell. I have seen her portrait, taken in her sixteenth year, by an itinerant limner, who in all probability was unqualified to treat such a subject with justice; yet that delicious picture was perhaps equal to the most accomplished artist's conceptions of earthly loveliness. With the rich expression of the bright blue eyes, and exquisitely formed mouth, was mingled a large portion of archness, and a little self-will; but no one could look on the combined beauties of that likeness without being suddenly convinced that the original must have been a creature in whose presence no young heart could beat coolly.

And it was so. All the youths of the district openly professed their admiration of the fair shepherdess of Glentanner: the sons of the most opulent of the peasantry courted the portionless daughter of John Camp-

bell, and the richest would gladly have laid their whole wealth at her feet; but no one who came in the character of a wooer was graciously received by Eesie. One by one they were sent drooping away, stung to the heart by the careless looks and cruel wit of their icy-bosomed mistress. It became the common opinion that her cousin Andrew, who had been reared by her father, and was now his servant, was in secret the favoured admirer of the haughty maiden. This report was wholly without foundation. Andrew, indeed, loved her with the whole ardency of a young and passionate heart, but his affection met no encouraging return. Eesie treated the playmate of her early days with sisterly kindness, but ever, when they sat together under the trees at evening, if Andrew ventured to cast his arms around her, as a Scottish shepherd will ever be doing with the mistress of his bosom, she would repel his embrace gently, but determinedly; and then, while Andrew sighed and looked downcast, she would lay her hand on his, and say, pityingly, "Dinna be grieved, Andrew, for I canna help it."

For several summers, Eesie had been a shepherdess by choice, preferring the exercise of the mountains to the duller duties of the household; in the fulfilment of these she was, however, more than ordinarily expert, and, her mother's constitution being delicate, her assistance was frequently required at home. On these occasions Andrew supplied her place on the hills; and one day being sent to order her attendance on her mother, who had been taken suddenly ill, he was surprised to find the sheep separated into straggling parties, and Eesie nowhere to be seen. At last, on nearing a beautiful little green hollow, which he remembered as one of her favourite places of resort, Eesie appeared, and Andrew, without taxing her apparent carelessness, implored her to hasten home. "I've been sleepin' like an idle thing as I am," said Eesie; "Oh, Andrew, mak haste an' gather the sheep to their ain range." But Andrew, who had remarked an unusual degree of confusion in his fair cousin's looks, and had, besides, caught a glimpse of a male figure amid the tall broom that grew at the bottom of the hollow, threw himself on the ground, alleging that he was too tired to attempt such a task, until recruited by a few minutes of rest.

Eesie looked on all sides in evident uneasiness; but being again reminded by Andrew of her mother's illness, she hastened off without farther hesitation. When she was out of view, Andrew stepped down into the hollow, and in the centre of a clump of fox-glove and fern, discovered a young man, dressed in a style above the common, and apparently asleep, with his face partly turned towards the ground. Andrew doubted the reality of the unknown one's slumber, yet, through natural civility, refrained from disturbing him, and sat down at a distance, determined, however, to ask him a few questions, or at least procure a more perfect view of his person when he should think fit to withdraw. But in a short while the bark of an unbroken dog, who had followed Andrew to the hills, forced him from his watching-place. The animal had attacked a portion of the flock, and was driving them down into the glen. Andrew succeeded in recalling him; but, on returning to the hollow, although he had scarcely gone fifty paces from its verge, the stranger was no longer visible. Andrew's wrath rose high; "Ketterin! landloup! coward!" shouted he, "come forward and explain what you mean by lurking here." But his angry summons was disregarded, and he lingered near the spot until nightfall without success: the object of his anxious curiosity appeared no more. It was evident that Eesie was permitting the addresses of a person much above her in rank of life—a circumstance of the most dangerous character, and which she ought on no account to have allowed to take place clandestinely.

At supper, Andrew was sad and thoughtful. He observed Eesie steal frequent glances at his altered countenance, but he spoke not for a while. At last, looking earnestly on her, he said, in a tone austere and reproachful, "Wha is't forbye you that tak's his mid-day nap among the brackens o' Evan's-howe?"

A burning blush rushed over Eesie's neck, cheeks, and forehead; her eyes sparkled; and the agitation of her frame was such as to quench every attempt at a reply.

"He's a braw sweetheart yon," continued Andrew. "I dinna wou'er noo that ye aicht the sunburnt lads in hoddan grey that come to woo ye. But ha'e a care, Eesie; chaps o' yon stamp dinna court a pair man's lassie for the purpose o' makin' her a better bairn."

Eesie rose up, sobbing aloud, and seemed about to quit the apartment; but turning towards Andrew, she murmured out, "I suppose ye'll tell my father, out o' ill nature just."

"It wad certainly be nae mair than my duty," replied Andrew; "but gin ye'll promise faithfully to keep nae trysts wi' unco chieft for the time to come, what I've seen s'all never pass my lips."

The girl solemnly protested that the gentleman in question had been only twice in her company, that she had repelled his advances, and laughed at his splendid promises, and was determined to meet him no more.

This was about the end of summer, and late in the following spring the colloquy occurred with which our story commences. At noon on that day, Eesie's mother was obliged to retire to bed by a violent headache, the consequence of a restless night. Her husband came in about the hour of dinner; and on her

inquiring if his meal had been prepared, he replied in the negative, adding, that he had seen Eesie proceeding to the hills more than an hour before.

His wife raised herself with a look of alarm. "Hoo can that be?" said she; "didna Andrew gang to the sheep? Ye're surely jokin', man."

What for should I be jokin' about the matter?" he replied; "an' hoo are ye lookin' sae fleyed like? She's been concern't about her lambs, an' gane to see gin they were richtly lookit after."

"Gin Eesie's to the hills the day," cried the mother, starting from her bed, "some mischief 'ill befall her, as sure's the sun's in heaven!"

And, allowing no time for farther remonstrance, she rushed out of the house. "The woman's demented," cried her husband; and he followed, but failed to overtake her. She hastened up the mountains with a speed surprisingly at variance with her years and infirmities. Andrew met her as she was about to sink with fatigue, but he could not satisfy her hurried and distracted inquiries. The only person that he had seen during the day was a horseman who had crossed the hill called Corri-Agill, and then turned towards the western extremity of the glen.

John Campbell now came up, and, though surprised to learn that his daughter had not been seen by Andrew, urged his wife to return home, alleging that Eesie might have returned during their absence. To this the matron would by no means consent, and the party forthwith separated, that their search might be the more effectually pursued. Campbell, however, in a short time returned to his house; but finding it still vacant, he went the round of the neighbourhood, inquiring in vain for his daughter. No one had seen her, and the father, now seriously alarmed, again repaired to the hills, and, in conjunction with his wife and nephew, urged the search until the deepening twilight rendered farther exertion useless for the night. As they descended the hills together in silent sorrow, Andrew threw himself down on the verge of Evan's-howe, as if outwearied, and his uncle and aunt sat down near him.

The temper of old John Campbell was stern and unsocial—not naturally, but from painful collision with the world. Toil, embittered by misfortune, had been his lot through life. Difficulties, in interminable array, had arisen in his path, as one mountain overtops another, and his heart had become saddened, and eventually hardened, as he looked forward on a prospect of hopelessness and hardship. Andrew had been for several years his only companion, and the youth, almost necessarily, had imbibed a portion of the old man's austerity of character. Some of their best feelings had become callous, but at this moment they perhaps felt more than hearts keenly sensitive could have borne.

Andrew sat with his face hid in his hands until the silence was broken by a brief question from his uncle: "Andrew, what think ye can be the meanin' o' this?"

"I ha'e over leal a guess at the meanin' o't," replied Andrew, in a grief-choked tone.

"Weel, and gin that's the case, what for ha'ena ye spoken oot ere noo?" cried his uncle impatiently.

"I dreaded to speak, for I saw I'd been sairy to blame. I've keptit that a secret which ye ocht to ha'e kend—but it was oot o' tenderness to the lassie; an' forbye, my tellin't micht ha'e been o' little use." Andrew then proceeded to relate all he knew concerning Eesie's acquaintance with the stranger whom he had seen near the place where they sat in the course of the previous summer; and adding, as his opinion, that she must have eloped with that unknown personage. His aunt looked upward with anguish in her eyes, while her husband involuntarily stamped with his feet in an agony too wild for words.

The judgment of Andrew, relative to the abduction of his cousin, was, after all, merely conjectural: this the party were glad to allow when their feelings had become somewhat more cool. Various excuses were invented for the absence of one whom they loved too well to accuse rashly of depravity; but successive days of painful and unavailing search at last quenched every hope, and forced suspicion into its original channel.

It was a doleful summer to the inmates of that cottage which was once gladdened by the presence of Eesie Campbell. The bereaved mother would frequently forget all her household tasks, and sit through the long bright day in a trance of woe, so deep and full of despair that the sound of her own heavy sigh, echoed through the silent house, would cause her to start as from a feverish dream. John Campbell pursued his ordinary avocations with unaltered perseverance, but his mien was changed, and his looks were rueful and downcast. Andrew wholly estimated himself from every species of recreation, and, accepting a few occasional words of comfort to his afflicted aunt, scarcely spoke to any one. The fields were grey and bare, and the brown dry leaves trembled in the cold breath of the departing year, when one morning a female figure, slender and feeble-like, and clad in a flimsy garment, torn and stained apparently by a long rude journey, was discovered leaning against the fence of John Campbell's garden. Her head was sunk on her almost naked bosom, and her long black tresses hung dishevelled, and wet with the chilling autumnal dew. Mrs Campbell came from the house at day-dawn. Was it a ghost that met her eyes? She drew near slowly, but in an instant sprang forward with a scream, for she saw it was her daughter. "My Eesie!

my ain dear Eesie!"—but the drooping girl returned not the embrace of her overjoyed mother. "Oh, take your arms away," she exclaimed feebly; "I am a creature of sin and guile! Stand aloof and curse me, that I may die!" But her father had drawn near—his eyes met her's, and their glance flashed to her soul. She clung to her mother, and hid her face in that fond and throbbing bosom. The old man turned twice away, and as often returned. "Poor misguided thing!" he at last said; "I dinna speer whaur ye've been, nor hoo ye've sped—I see't in yer wan cheek—in yer wastit frame. Ye ha'e the look o' a broken heart, an' hard reproof co'd only add to its pain. Ye had, indeed, the only joy o' our hearts in keepin', and ha'e lost it along wi' yer ain comfort an' peace. But come in, my bairn; yer young days were sweet an' harmless—God grant ye penitence for youth's transgression, an' peace o' mind may be our portion after a'!"

From day to day, in a retired corner of her father's cottage, Eesie sat speechless and tearless. The soothing of parental affection moved her not. But still, when the old people retired to rest, Andrew would draw near his forlorn cousin, and the anxious mother could frequently hear through the early hours of the night, earnest and vehement whisperings, and heart-rending sobs, and bursts of passionate weeping. "What has Eesie tauld ye?" she once asked of Andrew. "That lying villany has betrayed her," was his brief and sullen answer. "Dinna speak roughly till her, Andrew," added the tender-hearted parent. "Hoot, woman, hoo shon'd I?—she's less to blame than ye wot o'," and he turned surlily away.

One night Eesie's mother awoke from her usually unsettled slumber—a hand clasped her's fervently, and warm tears were falling fast on her face. She raised herself hastily; the hand was as suddenly withdrawn, and she heard the light footsteps of one hurriedly quitting the apartment. Starting from bed, and throwing on a portion of her dress, she went instantly to the little bedroom usually occupied by her daughter, but found it deserted. Hastening to the door, which she found unbarred, and gazing abroad, she heard a distant voice cry impatiently, "Come!" and immediately after she discerned the light slender form of her daughter cross the summit of a knoll which rose between her and the blue northern sky. Rushing wildly on, she reached the top of the rising ground behind which the fugitive had disappeared, but she saw no moving object to direct her pursuit further, and heard no sound save the low intermitting moan of the distant forest. Distracted and bewildered, the matron rapidly retraced the path back to her house. "John!" she exclaimed, in a tone of screaming lamentation, "Eesie's awa' again—she's awa' wi' some ane, an' she'll never be seen mair!"

"Can it be possible that the villain has ta'en her aff again!" cried Campbell; "I'll hunt him to the earth's outermost neck! Bid Andrew rise."

John Campbell burst from his room, bare-headed and but half dressed. He ran to the place where his old claymore had hung for many a year, but his wife arrested him by the intelligence that Andrew was not in the house.

Campbell stood musing for a while. "I think I see through the meanin' o' a' this," he at length said; "I think I noo read the meanin' o' the lang mutterins atween Eesie and Andrew, and o' phat he lately intin'd to me about the possibility of gettin' justice for the puir thing. He's an honest lad, and she can come to nae harm while she has him to guide her."

It was indeed as he surmised. Eesie had, in her evening conversations with Andrew, gradually disburdened herself of the particulars of her sad story, which she had intended to bury for ever in her own bosom. Her lover, she said, was a young Highland gentleman, the owner of a considerable estate on Speyside. On that day when her mother related her alarming dream, she had gone in an agony of remorse to tell him that she could no longer continue this clandestine courtship, and that, if he could not appear openly as her suitor, she must part with him for ever. He had prepared, however, on this very occasion, to execute a scheme which she feared he had too long contemplated. Calling a small band of Highlanders to his aid, he forcibly, but yet with all appearance of gentleness and respect, placed her on horseback, and, mounting behind her, while his followers ran by their side, carried her off towards his castle. There, notwithstanding all her remonstrances, her tears, prayers, and almost frantic distress, he retained her in captivity, till, sinking beneath the sense of a ruined reputation, she had become the guilty creature which she now was. For some time her lover was unremitting in kindness and attention, and soothed her with promises of speedily making her his wife; but at length a time came when he made light of her distresses, and was at little pains to alleviate the load of shame which weighed upon her. One evening, being slightly intoxicated, he had treated her with absolute rudeness, and she rushed from his abode in a state bordering on distraction. For many weeks she had wandered she hardly knew whither, and supported she could scarcely tell how, till at last, finding herself near her father's cottage, and believing that her end was approaching, she had drawn near in the manner which has been described, that she might see her beloved parents once more before she died. "You shall not die," Andrew warmly said, "while you have a cousin to see you righted." And he had persuaded her to conduct him to her

lover's castle, in order that he might make an appeal in the first place to his generosity, and in the second use more powerful means of compulsion.

The pilgrimage of the cousins was long and painful, for their road lay over that tract of mountain ground which divides the dales of the Dee from those of the Spey. Eesie was often like to sink with fatigue and natural weakness, when Andrew cheered her on once more by suggesting hopes of a happy termination to their journey. At length, wayworn and exhausted, they came within sight of the castle; and Andrew, leaving Eesie in a cottage hard by, under the charge of an old woman, walked forward to inquire for the laird.

As he was crossing a piece of low brushwood in order to get into the avenue, he met a young gentleman in a hunting dress, and a fowlingpiece under his arm, whom he at once perceived to be the individual he was in quest of.

"What are you wanting here, fellow?" said the laird, in the tone of a country gentleman reproving the intrusion of a vagrant into his domains.

"I want justice," said the peasant emphatically, at the same time drawing himself up to his full stature, and showing a figure of uncommon muscular power.

"I am no justice of peace," replied the gentleman, hardly comprehending what he said.

"Ay, but you can give justice for all that. I am Andrew Campbell, sir, cousin to a young woman, Isabella Campbell, whom you last year forced away from her friends, and have brought almost to death's door. I have come a hundred miles, sir, and I would willingly have gone a thousand, to ask if you will perform your promise, and make her once more honest and happy. That is the justice I want at your hands."

"Why, Andrew, my good friend," said the young gentleman, "it is a pity you should have taken so much trouble. I liked your cousin very well; but it is not for me, you know, to become son-in-law to a cottar in Glentaner, and shake you by the hand, honest fellow as you no doubt are, as a cousin. But the worst of it is, that I am married already, and Miss Campbell, I dare say, would hardly like to be a second wife to any man." And he smiled at his own humour.

"Then I can tell you that you are a base and infamous traitor, and that I only spare you now that I may make you repent what you have done in another way. You have broken the heart of the sweetest lassie that ever the sun lighted on, and are bringing her parents' grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Go, profligate, to your fine house there, and if you can enjoy it while so many innocent hearts are sinking under the effects of your villainy, you are more to be pitied than they."

He turned without waiting for a reply, while the laird stood for a minute, paralysed by his boldness, and then slowly walked towards the castle, revolving the words that had been addressed to him, the meaning of which, it is to be hoped, made an impression more than temporary.

Andrew hastily rejoined the wayworn Eesie, who saw enough in his countenance to require little information respecting the result of his mission. The hapless girl sunk down on her chair, on learning the whole truth, and remained for some time in that abject state of stupor which intense grief usually produces, her head upon her bosom, her hands crossed on her lap, her whole frame contracted and convulsed, and her lips pressed closely together. "My puir wounded doo!" said Andrew, in a tone of the tenderest pity, as he awkwardly attempted to rouse her spirits, and cause her to take some refreshment, which the poor woman of the house was officiously offering.

After waiting an hour, Andrew, all impatience to be gone from a place so odious in his estimation, led forth his disconsolate cousin, and commenced a retrograde journey to Glentaner. Before they had well entered among the hills, Eesie's extreme debility compelled Andrew to carry her in his arms. On the evening of the second day, he sat down to rest on the summit of a steep mountain. The shadows were gradually deepening down in the valleys; but on that elevated spot, the sun still shone bright through the barred clouds that seemed to grate the doors of the west. His last rays deepened a sudden flush which rose on the wasted cheek of Eesie, and she raised herself, and seemed about to speak; but her head again dropped on the bosom of her faithful lover, and before the twilight shades had closed on the mountain tops, death had stolen upon her blighted heart as softly as sleep falls upon a wearied child! And Andrew bore her remains back to a village which they had passed. The pride of Glentaner rests from her sorrows in a dreary churchyard near a stream far from that on whose banks she had spent the innocent and happy days of infancy.

It was in autumn that the inhabitants of that village looked forth on a party who surrounded the grave where they had laid the corpse of the fair stranger. An aged female knelt on the turf, her grey hair veiling her face, and mingling with the grass; and there stood by her the bent form of a man of fourscore years. His mien was calm, but the round tears rolled fast over his sunken and furrowed cheeks; and he stooped, and attempted to raise a younger man, who lay with his face to heaven, and smote the earth with his hands, and called down curses on the head of some one unknown.

"Your prayers are the unacceptable breathings of disappointed passion," said the aged man; "listen to the curse of a heartbroken father. May the destroyer of our peace feel only what a parent feels as he weeps over the grave of a lost daughter!"

RIDICULOUS FASHIONS.

ADDISON has some amusing satire about the extravagantly lofty head-dresses of the ladies in his time. Were he to live in the present day, he would see fashions equally ridiculous. The female world does not appear to be guided by any rational principle in adopting modes of apparelling; and in this respect we must be so ungallant as allow that they are outdone by the other sex. The dress of men has been gradually simplifying and becoming more easy and comfortable for the last thirty years. The dress of our beautiful countrywomen has not been exactly retrograding during that period. Hoops, fortunately, have not returned, so that women are not compelled to enter a doorway sideways like a crab, neither do the fair now walk as they did at one time on the tips of their toes, with their heels lifted three inches from the ground. But the style of dressing generally among ladies has been subjected to exceedingly few palpable improvements; or if there have been improvements, they have been no way remarkable, in consequence of the ridiculous modes which have collaterally been introduced.

In the human figure, the waist is usually at one part of the body, but fashion has rendered it migratory. Sometimes it is below the armpits, and at other times it is found near about the proper position. The "back," also, has a strange practice of moving about from place to place. We have seen it between the shoulders, and in a number of other situations. It is evident that the waist and back form important objects of cultivation. Nature has rendered the spine flexible, with so much of an elegant bend as to take away the appearance of stiffness. Fashion, however, cares nothing for Nature, and imperatively dictates that the spine shall not be flexible, and shall not possess an atom of the bend of Beauty. It insists on the spine and body being stiffened by the tight lacing of corsets, which, besides possessing the property of a strait-jacket, and keeping the functions of the system in due subjection, have the happy effect of taking away all elegance of shape. It might be supposed that this ingenious stepmother of Nature would rest contented with having thus deformed the divine figure; but Fashion has yet much upon her hands to accomplish. After warping the body in cords and canvass, and trussing with whalebone, she next places a hump upon the back, so as to give a resemblance to the figure of the wasp, an animal we cannot bring ourselves to see is very handsome in shape. We wonder who was the inventor of the exquisite custom of loading the backs of the ladies with these humps. We are afraid they made but a bungling arrangement. As we cannot believe that they meant the humps to shift, in order to give the idea of their growing out of the sides, they should have taken better care to contrive some means by which they should always seem to rise out of the centre of the back. Perhaps it is not yet too late to correct the oversight.

Having given a hump to the back or the sides, Fashion next proceeds to the shoulders, and here commits the most surprising vagaries. Considering that the shoulders are unshapely, and placed much too high in the person, she brings them half-way down the arms, and judiciously conceals the whole in a couple of sacks. We laugh at the Chinese because they prevent the growth of the feet of their women, and we laugh at the Burmese because their ladies wear rings in their noses. But it is really too bad of us to amuse ourselves at the expense of these very genteel nations. How would we like to be made subjects of ridicule for our humps, our torturing, and our twisting? We would certainly feel a little hurt by being so quizzed, and therefore ought in future to keep all our laughter for ourselves. We might be sure it would not be lost.

At one time we imagined that the Philadelphians were a humdrum people—a people with no fun in

* This simple rustic tale has another tale connected with it. It is the composition of a young man residing at the village of Upper Banchory, in Aberdeenshire—one of a class whom the education so universal in Scotland enables to cultivate letters in some small measure, while circumstances condemn them to the same mean toils with the clowns around them. The story turns on a subject perhaps not the most happily selected; but the composition throughout will be allowed by most of our readers to display a surprising degree of taste, and even in some parts elegance, apart from all consideration of the unfavourable circumstances of the author.

their composition—a people who had no relish for a joke. But a perusal of their history has given us quite an opposite opinion of their character. One half of them may be Quakers, for any thing we know to the contrary, but it is clear that they have had a deal of humour, and love a little practical jocularly. The Philadelphians are at all events the only people who have ever displayed any tact in extinguishing absurdities in dress. The moment Fashion showed her nose in Philadelphia, she was laughed out of countenance, and retired with shame back to London and Paris. Whenever a new-fangled oddity in female apparel was exhibited, down it went amidst the jeers of thousands of citizens. Had the humps made their appearance on the backs of the ladies, they would in a twinkling have been shaven right slick off, and consigned to the fishes of the Schuylkill. The way that the wits of Philadelphia, half a century ago, used to cure monstrosities in the dress of their wives and daughters, was excellent: it was the employment of ridicule. By effective appeals to the populace, they quickly carried their point, in making the obnoxious garniture the scoff and derision of the town.

On one occasion when the ladies were going astray after a passion for long red cloaks, they succeeded to ruin their reputation by concerting with the executioners to have a female felon hung in a cloak of the best ton! On another occasion, in the time of the revolution, when the towering head-gear of the ladies was ascending, Babel-like, to the skies, the growing enormity was effectually repressed by the parade through the streets of a tall male figure in lady's attire, decorated with the absurd turret head-dress, and preceded by a drum! At an earlier period, one of the intended dresses, called a *trollopee*, became a subject of offence. The satirists who guarded the sumptuary code of the town, procured the wife of the hangman to be arrayed in a full-dress trollopee, &c., and to parade the street with music! Delicacy and modesty shrunk abashed from the gaze and sneers of the multitude, and the trollopee was henceforth disgraced!

It must be owned that the Philadelphians in these days were a cleverer people than we are. But their plan of operations might furnish a hint worthy of being improved upon. What the arguments of science and reason have failed to accomplish, might be admirably effected by the shafts of ridicule. Let this much dreaded weapon be employed, and we shall doubtless see the mass of fashionable absurdity melt like the snows of winter before the genial beams of the summer's sun. Yet the "gentlemen" must not crow too loudly neither. They must not afford the ladies an opportunity of laughing at them—at least in their sieves. They must take the mote out of their own eye before they chuckle over others' failings. We would therefore propose to begin with putting down an abominable custom among a class of lads and grown men, particularly odious to the delicacy of the fair. We mean the practice of cigar-smoking. Suppose we were some day to hire the hangman, the porters, chairmen, scavengers, and all the tatterdemalions that could be picked up, and set them to a resolute whiffing of real or mock cigars, we might stand a pretty good chance of banishing for ever from our streets that nauseous and now vulgar practice.

CHILDHOOD.

[The following sketch relating to the period of infancy is among the happiest pieces which have ever graced the pages of the New Monthly Magazine.]

HE must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labour for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable!

The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbour, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny footmark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the

were pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and headache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton, who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads. But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers, listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts, and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one; as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment—it becomes an object of undefinable and powerful interest to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms, an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate anything. Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspecting confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, and to teach us that nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

Little girls are my favourites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his

pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood; and he gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is, on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that, whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

TO MY INFANT SON.

[From the Scotsman.]

Why, why, my little son, dost thou
So sad, so earnest gaze on me;
Hast thou already learnt to dread
A heartless world's contumely?
Or with precocious gift dost thou
The traits of sorrow sadly trace,
That worldly cares, and fears for thee,
Have stamped upon thy father's face?
Does thought already blight thy joy,
My little, helpless, blue-eyed boy?
Nay, think not on't, my boy, but smile
Again as thou wert wont on me;
A better fate than ere was mine
Awaits, I trust, my child, on thee;
For oft I've sought, dear babe, that thou
(As I in fervent prayer have knelt)
Might'st never know what I have known,
Nor ever feel what I have felt,
That those mean cares that life destroy,
Might ne'er be thine, my blue-eyed boy.
Thou'rt yet too young, my son, else I
Would name some things thou must not trust,
When thou hast come to man's estate,
And I, perhaps, am in the dust.
'Mongst these, and first, my son, I'd say,
Believe not friendship is divine;
Let paltry pelf but come between,
Thy friend's no longer friend of thine.
But thoughts like these they must employ
Some future day, my blue-eyed boy.
Some future day, I'll tell to thee
What thou must seek, what thou must shun,
That what has wrecked thy father's peace,
May harmless be to thee, my son;
Meanwhile, I fain would let thee know
How much of this poor heart is thine
How closely with its dearest hopes,
The hopes of thee, my child, entwined—
May bliss, unmingled with alloy,
Be thine for aye, my blue-eyed boy.

Edinburgh, 14th May.

A. C.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

THE western path from Jerusalem is extremely bare and desolate; it passes over the valley, or rather plain of Rephidim, that extends for many miles, having scarcely a single habitation on it. One dwelling only on the left, meets the passenger's eye, and sometimes tempts his footsteps, in search of refreshment in the sultry waste; it is a mean Turkish coffee-house, where the reviving berry and the pipe are ready at a moment's call. The Arab, prowling cautiously in the neighbourhood, or hastening to the banner of some chief, turns aside to this solitary aburgeo, as it might be called; but the pilgrim more rarely and warily approaches, for it has rather a suspicious look.

A few miles farther on, are the ruins of the village of Rama; fragments of walls, only a few feet high, are now the vestiges of the place where the prophet so beautifully predicted the mourning for the Innocents. There is a spot on the plain, at no great distance from this ruined village, of much higher interest—the tomb of Rachel. It is one of the few places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred, as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yield to the image of the loved and faithful wife: "And as for me, Rachel died by me, in the way from Bethlehem, and I buried her there."

The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the kings in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders "to the land of the people of the East," to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

The Turks have surrounded most of the burial-places of the chief characters of the Old Testament with more pomp and stately observance than this: over that of David and Solomon, on the declivity of Zion, a mosque is erected; the cave too of Machpelah, at Hebron is covered by a large and ancient mosque,

and all around, the soil is held inviolable. The cave is in the middle of the interior of the edifice; its dark and deep entrance only is visible; and it is rarely entered, even by the steps of the faithful. For more than a century, not more than two or three Europeans are known, either by daring or bribery, to have visited it; the last was an Italian count, a traveller, who, by paying very high, was allowed by his guardians to tread the floor of the mosque, and descend into the obscurity of the hallowed cavern; this was thirty years since. It is a great pity that so memorable a scene should be closed to the curious eye; the bold valley in which the ancient town of Hebron stands is often visited by the steps of the pilgrim and the traveller; but the penalty of death to every Christian who enters within the walls of the mosque, is too dear a payment for the gratification. The cave is said by the Turks to be deep and very spacious, cut out of the solid rock; and that the resting-places of the celebrated patriarchs still exist, and are plainly to be discerned.

The tribute paid, however, by the followers of the Prophet to the burial-place of Rachel, is far more sincere and impressive than walls of marble or gilded domes: the desire which the Turks feel that their ashes may rest near hers, is singular and extreme. All around this simple tomb, lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans. A trait such as this speaks more for the character of this people than many volumes written in their praise; for it cannot be for any greatness, or wisdom, or holiness, in the character of her who sleeps beneath (for which qualities they show so much respect to the sepulchres of Abraham, of David, and his son), but simply for the high domestic virtues and qualities which belonged to Rachel; she was a devoted wife and an excellent mother, as well as the parent of a mighty people; and for these things do the Turks venerate her memory.

It is a scene of no common interest, when a funeral train issues from the gate of the city, and, passing slowly over the plain of Rephidim, draws nigh the lonely sepulchre, with an earnest desire that the parent or child whose remains they bear, may sleep in a spot so venerated. Was a Jew to cross the procession at this moment, he would be treated with deep curses, and looks of hatred and scorn, by the very people who are about to kneel around the ashes of one of his ancestors. Deeply fallen nation! forbidden even to draw near or bow down at the place that is full of the remembrance of its ancient greatness. So rigidly are the Jews excluded from entering the monument, that the four arches which support the simple dome have been filled up. The band of mourners stand round the place, and the turban is bowed to the earth, while the funeral wail passes over the solitary waste.

No slender pillars of wood or stone, with inscriptions in letters of gold, are here, not a single memorial, which this people are otherwise so fond of erecting in their cemeteries. It seems to be sufficient that they are placed beneath the favourite sod; and small and numerous mounds, over which the survivor sometimes comes and weeps, mark the places of the graves. If it be beautiful, in the splendid cemetery of Père la Chaise, to see the widow or the orphan planting flowers over the ashes of the departed, and bathing them with their tears, it is surely more impressive to see the Oriental, in his simple and flowing garb, like that worn perhaps in patriarchal days, mourning over the lonely grave in the wilderness, where human pride and vanity cannot come.—*Corne's Recollections of Travels in the East.*

GREETIN' FOU.

The late Mr James C—, a well-known antiquary, was one evening snugly seated over a bowl of punch with a few select cronies, in Leslie's tavern, Old Post-office Close. For a reason that will appear, we are enabled to fix the precise day and date of this carousal—it was the 8th of February 1787. After bearing for a time his usual share in the social conversation that was going on, Mr C— suddenly sunk into total silence, assumed a most melancholy aspect, and ultimately burst into a flood of tears. We do not mean to assert that the worthy antiquary was at this time quite as sober as a judge; neither was he exactly half-fou, nor yet dead drunk; he was just at that peculiar stage of intoxication when pathetic narrative or song has the effect described in the article at the beginning of this paper: he was, in short, "greetin' fou." The exciting cause of the antiquary's grief was, however, of a peculiarly appropriate kind. "Dear me, Mr C—," said every one present, "what is the matter wi' ye? Has any thing happened? What ails ye?" "Oh, gentlemen," at length sobbed out the lachrymose antiquary, "I've just been thinking that it was on this day two hunder year that Queen Mary was beheaded!"

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